CANDLE LIGHTER

BY NORMA PATTERSON

The Lure of Distant Lands Competes With the Lights of Home.

THEY sat on the steps with their chins in their hands. Behind them, past the long, lighted windows, the class party swung and swayed to "Alabama Blues." Before them lay the garden, mysterious and silver with moonlight and studded with golden stars that were fireflies. But to the two on the steps the wind-blown hedge line was an ocean tossed to meet a dipping sky, and the tiny lanterns that the fireflies carried were beckoning lights of distant ports—all the world over.

"She's making 30 knots," said the mate, casting a proud eye upward at the flying mainsail.

"What light to leeward?" whispered the little skipper, her short curls blowing against his face.

He leaned forward, watching the queer bobbing thing that had appeared abruptly out of the night, and shook his head ominously.

"Might be an ocean tramp, roving the seas with no port in view, manned by desperate men without a country. Afraid to touch shore—always wandering. Get their supplies from passing ships."

"Poor things! If we meet them you'll be kind, won't you?"

"We'll see. Look! She draws closer. It may be a derelict with only dead men in the hold. They say a spirit keeps the lights burning and guides the wheels of those lost ships."

She shivered and moved nearer the protection of his shoulder.

"Afraid?"

She would not admit it. "The spray is cold."

There was a shout of laughter behind them as half a dozen young people burst through the door. Somebody snapped on the porch lights.

"Oh, look! Jill and Andy spooning on the steps!"

The two rose, grinning sheepishly. Music had started. Jill's partner, a husky sophomore, slid across the porch to claim her. Andy, consulting the scrawled back of an envelope, darted away, whistling the tune.

But later, when the young dancers paused to clap for an encore, and Andy found himself standing by Jill, he whispered darkly:

"Meet me on deck at eight bells."

And she had to go, although she was dancing with Val Westbrook when the fateful hour struck. Other boys might claim her momentarily, but when the first mate called she dropped everything and went. She had done this since she was 7.

She found him standing by the rail, his arms folded, his arms pulled low over his eyes—a solitary figure, lonely and brooding.

He flung about dramatically. "Tomorrow we leave the ship. When the Polly docks at Salamis, be ready. There's work to be done ashore. Are you afraid of anything?"

"Nothing!"

In the dark she felt his approval.

He said: "You have never failed me yet. Tonight may be the last time we stand together and watch the heaving waters. If anything happens to me, look in my upper vest pocket. And remember, woman, that if it had been given to this young heart to live, he would have laid the riches of the earth at your feet."

"Aye, aye, sir."

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JILL blew out her lamp and sat in the summer darkness, brushing her hair. A light burned in Andy's gable bedroom, just across the apple tree. She shivered happily. And then, because she was a woman, she knelt and prayed for him.

"Give him a safe voyage, Lord, all through life. He'll never be anything but a little boy."

If you see life through the heart of a child, 23 is not so different from 17, and the years that climb up to it are winged and flying. Also, for those fortunate few who believe in fairies, the miraculous often lies in wait. And so when Andy Barrett was a gay, light-stepping 23, his ship came for him.

Three years at college and a year spent bending over a drafting table had not changed the old tar, nor had the barnacles been allowed to gather on the sides of the good ship Polly. But at the exact moment when Morgan, head of the engineering department, brought the great news to him Andy was sitting with his feet hooked around the rungs of a high stool, his sleeves above his elbows, his collar off.

Andy heard Morgan out, and sat with his face a perfect blank.

"Well," Morgan's terse voice nudged him, "will you go?"

With a whoop Andy leaped into the air, threw his pencil at the ceiling, and dashed from the room. Morgan gazed after the cyclone.

"The young fool! I don't know yet if he'll go."

But Faulkner, who was older and had hoped to be chosen, said quietly: "He'll go, chief."

Andy found Jill digging among the pansies in the back yard.

"Whoooo-o-o-o-e-e-e! Jill! The company's sending an exploring party abroad—Siberia; China; India. They've asked me to go along. Oh, Jill, ships—the sea—the Orient—the whole bloomin' world!"

There are certain mileposts in the life of a woman by which she pauses and hangs, one by one, the floating perfumed garments of her youth, replacing them with comber ones. Jill lost the first down-colored scarf of girlhood here. A momentary panic in her quiet, dark eyes—and then she was dancing all over the place with Andy.

Presently they sat down on the new pansies to talk it over.

"Think of it—actually going! Why on earth didn't they send Faulkner? He's older and he's got a head on him. I've got nothing—except enthusiasm."

Yes, that was it, thought Jill. Kingdoms are built on enthusiasm. She smiled knowingly.

India receded while he looked into Jill's eyes. There was something about them that had always baffled and mystified Andy.

"You've got a mysterious little face, Jill—like you knew a lot more than you say."

"I do!"

"Wish you could come along, too. It won't be half the fun without my skipper. If you were just boys!" he groaned.

"Yes. Wouldn't that be grand? Perhaps I can join you some day."

She could not have the slightest regret slipping in to spoil this big hour of Andy's life.

"Haven't you got any rich relatives who might die and leave you some money?"

"Nobody except an old uncle who took me to a circus when I was twelve. He's the kind that lasts forever, and, besides, he's got sixteen nieces and nephews to divide it among."

"Well, I'll write you every single thing we do and every place we go. You can trail us on the Polly. I doubt if there's a ship afloat that can touch her."

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JILL spent the next two weeks making little things to add to Andy's comfort on the great voyage. They were both orphans, reared by relatives, and a strong bond had grown up between them. In childhood Andy had been her playmate, her protector, her story-book. Outwardly Jill had been his devoted, admiring slave; inwardly she was his mother, trying to throw down her love as a soft carpet for Andy to walk upon, so that the journey of this blond-haired boy might always be sweet. She had been too busy and too happy to analyze relationships, but now she saw that life to her had been—just Andy.

Jill watched the days slip past with a little dead feeling growing around her heart. And at last there came a night when the Polly made her farewell voyage. Many, many times the first mate had warned her that this might be the last, but when the hour came he had no words.

They stood on the foredeck while the moon-path raced upon the glimmering waters, and a buoy somewhere boomed its hoarse warning, and the outline of strange lands rose—and went past in the night. After a long, long silence she said, and she made it sound a great deal more cheerful than just the words by themselves.

One of us is getting our dream."

"I wish to heaven it could be both. We've had some fine and merry voyages, and you've always stood by, no matter what the weather. Now I must go it alone. I leave you the Polly. Keep the old hull shipshape, and if I can send for you, will you come?"

"Any time, anywhere. And you'll always remember to be a good seaman, Andy? Women and children first, and your duty to your ship above everything?"

He promised, very solemnly.

The half hour rang from the courthouse clock. Andy picked up his new suitcase. He smoothed down the front of his new coat. Jill put out an impulsive hand, but it dropped before it touched him.

"I can't stand it if you don't come back.

His chin quivered. He managed, "I'll come back."

He put a hand on Jill's shoulder, then he tore himself away and went gulping and blinking like a boy down the dear, familiar street. He had meant to ask Jill to kiss him goodbye, but at the last he couldn't speak without sobbing out loud. So he had to go without.

Jill waved and waved from the gate. The last he saw was the brave white flutter above the old picket fence.

Like all brave seawomen, she kept up till her man was gone. Now she dropped to the ground. She did not know that her aunt came out and spoke to her and tried to comfort her, and presently shook her head sadly and went in, leaving Jill alone with the first sharp grief of her life.

So one of them was taken and one was left. Jill wandered around for a while like a lost soul, and then, out of the vacuum, Andy's letters began to arrive. Some people find reality less splendid than their dream of it. Not so Andy. The world was still a fairy book.

Jill got out the old school atlas that they had poured over together and marked his voyage. Andy tossed on this great ocean, Andy in this little green land. By Thanksgiving he had kissed the Blarney Stone. He held up the whole expedition two days to do it. How like him! From Norway he sent her a little ship, upon which he had painted "Polly." Winter in Russia, and the subsequent hardships thrilled him as no luxurious passage could have done. And in the Spring he stood in the Temple of the Wingless Victory, high above the plains of Attica, all the romance of all the centuries crowding about him.

Jill, breathless with excitement, traveled fast at his heels. It was so real that she came back with a start to her aunt's dingy room. Andy had thought that he wanted to travel more than she wanted to, but he had only talked about it more.

She consoled herself by thinking: "To want anything this much and to get it would perhaps unbalance a person. So I'm lucky! And anyway, he'll be home in the Fall."

* * * *

IN October the company's expedition came back. Andy was not with them. He wrote and explained this to Jill:

"I've figured it out that a man's life is his own. Why give all this up to come home and spend my days at a drafting table? After the past glorious year I can't imagine buckling down to it again.

"I've fallen in with some press correspondents who are touring out-of-the-beaten-path places. They want me to go along with them. It's a chance that doesn't come to one person in ten thousand. (Andy's luck again!) I'm going as a sort of steno-secretary—not much job, but fine companionship and experience, and I'll make enough to cover expenses. That's all I care about it.

"You know I've always had the wanderlust, Jill, and it grows on a fellow. The end of the world recedes as you approach it. My one regret is I won't see you for many months. I'm in a little shack; rough handmade table and cot; cracker box. Nothing like a woman wants things, and yet I keep seeing you here with me. And you fit! There's the remarkable thing. If I could put you in the canvas chair, and pull the cracker box near—wouldn't we talk, little skipper? Tomorrow we'd strike our tents and go up into Egypt. Ah, well, we can't everything."

After she had read it, Jill sat so still that a mouse came out on the hearth and ran to and fro unafraid. A little shadow of a fear had crept around her heart—the fear that Andy was going to waste his fine, young life. Already he had given up his engineering. The other things—the building, growing, worth-while things of life—would lose their meaning to him. And from a happy-hearted rover, Andy would grow at last into a wanderer, going from country to country, seeking what no land could give him.

She shook herself sharply. Why not be honest and admit it? She wanted Andy! All the world was changed without him, all beauty dimmed—every pleasure cut in half because he was not here to share it.

She shut her eyes and saw the little shack in Africa and the canvas chair and the cracker box—and Andy. Outside, the strange noises of the jungle; inside, the smoky odor of the lamp mixed with the unforgettable smell of Andy's briar pipe. And "tomorrow we'd strike our tents and go up into Egypt." Ah, if she could!

And then the old uncle died and left Jill ten thousand dollars.

* * * *

ANDY, when his chance came, went wild, but Jill went wilder. You remember that she had had the loneliness without him. She was never to have a clear recollection of that day. Her aunt and the four children floated past her like a big plump cloud and four smaller plump clouds. But the next morning she went up to the city and brought her $10,000 home in her hand.

She had a little trouble in the bank about it. The teller had called the cashier, and the cashier in turn resorted to the vice president. But the tactful convincingness of these three gentlemen was as nothing compared with the urge of a lifetime. Jill wanted her $10,000. She knew exactly what she was going to do with it.

For three days she carried it around in her hand, just to make sure. While her body went through the necessary preliminaries, Jill was already on the high seas. She planned her clothes and wrote to an agency—where she had a personal friend—about a suitable companion. She burnt all her bridges and cut all her cables. There was to be nothing tied to her but one small steamer trunk, and the whole wide world before her.

"I'm coming, Andy," she called across the great space, "I'm coming."

Where would they meet? They must make it Egypt. Everybody was going there now. What would she wear for that first meeting? Something white; Andy would be in white with a boat-shaped hat.

"Good-day, Mr. Sheik, will you direct us to the tomb of King Tut?"

Across the wall went camels, caravans, weird processions; the buffet was a pyramid, her uncle's picture the inscrutable sphinx; the worn rug the River Nile. Hot sands stung her cheeks.

"Happy, skipper?" asked Andy, stooping to look in her face.

For answer she could only smile at him.

The lamp burned low and smoked the chimney. The fire died out. Jill put her face in her hands and cried—long, shaking sobs. How had this happened to her? So many people never got one single small wish, and she, who had asked so little of life—who had been content with her make-believe world—had received this!

At the end of those three intoxicating days Jill took her $10,000 to Jones' office and bought the old Nelson place.

Something stronger than merely gratifying a personal longing promted her—that old fear that Andy would waste his life among the nonessentials; her Andy, who had it in him to do such splendid things.

There was going to come a time when he would grow tired of all that roving and long for an easy chair before an open fire; for a hammer and a saw and a bag of nails; for a tree to plant and watch gather to itself shade. Warm winds from over the seas seemed to bring her a message:

"If you keep your candle burning, some day he'll come home to you."

Jill went up to the old house to get ready.

She wrote Andy of her project and waited with her heart in her throat for the first mate's answer. He said:

"If you could understand how travel broadened a person you'd know what you've missed by throwing away your chance. Perhaps you've changed. The old Jill wouldn't have done it."

She managed a wan little smile. "Anyhow, Andy, I—I did it for you."

To show that she was a true daughter of the days when she had faced ring-nosed pirates, and "death before surrender" she sat right down and wrote to this buccaneer of the unbeaten tracks. She wrote him about her chickens, her strawberry patch, the worms on the potato vines. "What shall I do with all these worms, "Andy?"; the back screen that needed mending; what she was having for dinner. And:

"If you ever come home you'll recognize the place even at night. I keep a candle burning in the window."

Perhaps she was foolish to pit her little candle against the lights of all the ports, but she believed it would shine to Andy across a world.

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ON a wilted, heart-sagging day late in the Summer Jill had her reward.

"The boys are coming home," wrote Andy. "One is going to get married. The other wants a private bath, hot and cold. He wants ham and eggs, regular. He yearns to push a button on a wall. So I've decided to come along, too. Look for me some day in October."

Jill had waited two years for that letter, but now, as she crushed it to her, the time seemed short. "Some day in October." Some day in October! She got out the good ship Polly and set her proudly above the fireplace. Once more she would be putting to sea. And by and by, when she and Andy were a lot, lot older, they would go on a real voyage. He would take her back over all the places where he had left happy memories about in the continents.

Would he let her know the very day to expect him or would he surprise her? One more month of waiting! But what is a month when every day of it brought Andy nearer?

It was not until late September that she received another letter—the last she ever had from Andy. Even after she had read it she couldn't believe it, but sat watching the words make riddles of themselves. Pretty soon now they would settle back on the page and say what Andy meant them to say, and not—not this. Not this! For Andy wasn't coming back at all. He was settling definitely in some foreign place. This time it was elephant tusks.

"I'd love to see you, Jill," he wrote, "keeping house and digging among your flowers. I wonder if you've got the old atlas and if you ever get it out evenings. I can see your eyes shine over it. There were always mysterious things in your eyes, Jill, as if you knew a lot more about me than I know about myself. Sometimes I've thought I couldn't stand it here without you. But I shouldn't make you happy—not the man I am now. If I'd never left home—but I've lived a rough life for two years, and it tells on a fellow.

"This country gets into your blood. I love the strange, unearthly sounds of the jungle at night, the boats coming and going, that element of danger and mystery. But it's no place for a woman. You are home-loving and it's a good thing for your happiness that we found it out in time."

Jill laid the letter aside.

"Poor little candle!" said Jill.

Jill's house of cards went down that night. But the next day the old Jill of the pirate days swept up the wreckage.

"I can't be letting all this place go to waste. What I need is somebody to get my mind off myself, to keep me flying so fast I'll not have a moment left to think in. Who shall it be?"

Grandma Gibbs! The old lady was the town pest. Crippled with rheumatism, she still retained sufficient sprightliness to get from house to house with her perpetual complaints. Friends and neighbors had tried in vain to help her. Nothing ever pleased or satisfied her. Jill put on her hat and went after the prize.

But Grandma Gibbs, in a pretty room, with an easy chair and a soft rug and her breakfast on a tray, was a different person. A sort of astonished docility held her. Jill caught her running a hand over the mahogany furniture, fingering the blue-shell cups.

"I've always wanted pretty things, Jilly," she said.

"These are yours, grandma, as much as they are mine."

The old lady bent her a sharp look.

"I wonder why you got me?"

"I needed you."

* * * *

GRANDMA sat perfectly still for half a day thinking of this. When she came out of her trance a kind of royalty came with her. She went about touching things. "Mine," Jill heard her whispering.

Soon she was helping with the work and digging in the Autumn garden. Not a particle of trouble! Jill could have cried with vexation. The days held more thinking places than ever. In desperation she added to her family again. This time she took in the town's bad boy, Red Lomax.

"He'll keep the house in an awful mess, and he'll tear up all his new clothes and track in mud and break the dishes, and chase the cat with the dog, and torment Grandma, and you'll have your hands full at last, Jill."

Red, established in the cozy attic bedroom, tiptoed reverently over Jill's rugs. He was pathetically well behaved and quiet. Hidden away under his mattress, Jill found dog-eared volumes of history. She dropped a tear on the well worn pages, and put them back gently. Bad?

"Is anybody really bad?" she puzzled.

By the end of the week Red was milking the cow, feeding the chickens, showing Jill how to drive a nail straight, patching that back screen. He called the old lady "Grammer." And Grammer began at once darning and mending his tattered wardrobe, sewing on buttons. Jill found herself with a happy, grateful little family on her hands, where she had planned for tempests! Without realizing it she grew interested in them. And one night, with a laugh that was half sob, at the queer turn of fate, she gave them her dearest treasure.

She got down the old atlas and the Polly. They polished and scrubbed her; they loaded her hull; and when she was ship-shape they turned her nose into the wind and sent the white foam skyward. Jill was her captain. Red preferred to stoke—swinging great shovels of coal into her scarlet, laughing mouth, making her cut sharply through the waters. Grandma went aloft and hauled in the rolling topgallant sail! Wonderful journeys, so different from the old, spirited voyages and yet—happy!

ANDY PUT A HAND ON JILL'S SHOULDER, THEN TORE HIMSELF AWAY.

Jill wrote Andy of her queer household, but got no answer. She wrote again, and after a few months her letter was returned unclaimed.

Jill made a grave that day by the garden wall, and buried the good ship Polly. With it she buried her childish fancies, her girlhood hopes, the sobered dreams of womanhood. And over the little mound she came to a sort of understanding with life. Her love for Andy had been given her because of these other two who needed love—as Andy did not—who needed a home, as Andy had not. Out of her heart break she had been able to put happiness into one life so near its beginning and one that was nearing its close.

For, as Spring swung into place, it became more and more evident that grandma was "failing" up," as she put it. Her one concern was over the stocking she was knitting for Red.

"If I jest last long enough to turn this heel! The heel's hard to get, Jilly."

"Now, grandma, you're going to be fine in a few weeks."

"Don't you bother about me. All the happiness I've ever had you gave me. It was right nice having it come in a lump at the end."

She lasted just around the corner of Red's heel. Then she laid her needles down and looked up at Jill and smiled. It was a quizzical, gloating, three-cornered little smile. And Grandma Gibb's last words would have been the strangest part of a queer old life to anybody except Jill.

"Now for a real sail, Jilly. But I wish—— Red, come along to stroke her up—and you."

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THE house without grandma was hushed and desolate. Something took possession of Jill that she could not throw off—a fear of the empty rooms, a panic at being left alone. It seemed to her that wherever she planted her heart devastation went. She kept Red with her constantly, telling him tales of adventure to hold his interest through the long, lonely evenings. But one night, seeing him nod, she felt a pang of conscience and sent him off to bed.

She could not sleep herself. A storm lashed the shingles and tore at the shutters. Jill watched it from the window, then paced the floor. On nights like this, when billows rose into mountains and buoys moaned their warnings, her heart went out, searching the seas for Andy.

Her eyes fell on the candle. Poor, feeble little spark, holding its light against a storm! Why not blow it out? But the hope that it had grown to symbolize cried, "One more night." She thought of Andy, alone in the jungles; of that last unclaimed letter. His spirit seemed very close to her tonight. Had Andy perhaps—— She must not give up to her feelings like this. Trembling, Jill sat down before the fire and clasped her hands tightly in her lap, struggling for self-control.

Behind her a door banged open, letting in the storm. The candle flared and spluttered, filling the place with dancing shadows. Jill, stifling a scream, leaped to her feet.

Andy, in drenching oilskins, stood in the door.

The candle, dancing over the slick wetness of him like little licking, welcoming tongues of flame, shone up toward his face—drew a hard line here and a furrow there which changed him entirely from the boy she had loved. Only Andy's eyes had come back to her—and the message they brought.

Jill did not make a sound. She slipped across the room and into his wet arms.

When they could speak he pointed to the candle.

"Skipper, what light to leeward?"

She leaned forward, watching the queer, bobbing thing that had appeared abruptly out of the night. Then she knew.

"The lights of home!"

His smile was sudden and sweet.

"Drop anchor and reef in the sails. We roam the seas no more!"

(Copyright, 1924.)

JILL FOUND HERSELF WITH A HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY ON HER HANDS WHERE SHE HAD PLANNED FOR TEMPESTS.

Animal Visits to Chlorine Chamber Found to Give Important Results

CHLORINE gas as a cure for colds and similar ailments is no longer confined in its use to members of the human race. After the President, a cabinet member, a famous authoress and others had been benefited by the treatment, it was decided that it could be tried on dogs, cats and other animals.

At any rate, so thought Dr. H. A. Locke of Fourteenth and Kenyon streets, former president of the Veterinary Medical Association of George Washington University, and for seven years assistant professor of materia medica and therapeutics of the College of Veterinary Medicine at George Washington.

Dr. Locke fitted up an air-tight chamber and constructed the necessary gas-administering apparatus, in order that Pup and Puss, as well as President, might cease to snuffle and sneeze.

Since then many canine and feline patients, pedigreed and otherwise, suffering from distemper and acute respiratory conditions, have, in emulation of their masters, sat within the air-tight chamber that is charged with chlorine gas.

The animals, according to Dr. Locke, sit for an hour at a time, and four such treatments, in most cases, are sufficient to effect a cure. An electric fan, installed in the chamber, insures the proper circulation of the gas.

Five four-legged patients are conveniently accommodated at one time, and Dr. Locke says that while the treatment is in progress, his clients do not, as is customary with human subjects, peruse the magazine or the daily paper, but prefer to demonstrate their indifference by promptly falling asleep.

Distemper, it is well known, is the dread disease of the canine world. Dr. Locke, who is a specialist in cat and dog ailments and may be quoted as an authority on the subject, says:

"We are safe in stating that 66 to 75 per cent of dogs have distemper at some time, and the number of dogs that die from the disease may be reckoned as anywhere from 32 to 70 per cent."

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THE rate of mortality from distemper is, according to Dr. Locke, far greater among the urban-canine population than among dogs that live in rural districts. He estimates that between 13,000 and 14,000 dogs in the District alone will be glad to know that an effective means of combatting this great scourge has at last been found.

Laboratory experiments to determine the means and the efficacy of the treatment have been completed by Dr. Locke.

"It was found," says Dr. Locke, "when cultures, taken from the nasal cavities of two dogs infected with typical cases of distemper, were plated on artificial media in a bacteriological laboratory and then exposed in the gas chamber, that results were as follows: Plates A and B exposed for one hour at a concentration ordinarily used in human medicine and considered efficacious in the treatment of respiratory conditions such as colds, rhinitis, coryza and whooping cough, were not noticeably affected.

"The concentration of the gas," continued Dr. Locke, "was then increased 50 per cent and it was found that, after proper exposure, plate A was entirely free of organisms and plate B contained a very sparse growth.

"In the third test, the strength of the gas, or the number of pulsations, was increased until a concentration double that used in the first test was obtained and the results were practically the same as in the second test—viz., plate A was entirely free of growth and plate B contained a very sparse growth.

"In checking the plates exposed in the gas chamber with those known as 'controls,' which had not been exposed but which had been incubated for 24 hours, it was observed that the latter plates all contained elaborate growths from both clinical cases.

"It was noted, however," continued Dr. Locke, "and I wish to emphasize this point—that of the two cases tested, case B, which did not respond entirely to the treatment, was a case of longer duration and was much more pronounced than case A, which showed a complete cure."

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AT the time the tests were being made with the plated cultures, two dogs were used as "live controls." That is, they were placed in the chamber to discover whether the concentration of the gas which was necessary to kill the growth upon the plates would, in any way, prove injurious to live animals.

This precaution was necessary, Dr. Locke explained, because the moisture in the throat of the animal renders the gas much more effective than in the case of the plates, where no moisture is present.

"In the original test," stated Dr. Locke, "a concentration of .0025 mg. per liter was used, which was increased in subsequent tests to one-half again as much, and even to double the original amount, with no ill effects on 'live controls' in the chamber."

The result of these experiments is the discovery that to obtain the best results with dogs, the concentration of the gas should be at least six times as great as has been found necessary in the treatment of human subjects.

Dr. Locke has been planning to determine the exact efficacy of the treatment by another series of experiments. He proposes to select animals known to have been exposed to distemper, and to test cultures taken from each. He will then expose the animals to the gas for given periods and secure further cultures to determine the efficacy of the gas on the mucous membrane.

"This test will also bring out definitely," Dr. Locke stated, "the number of exposures required effectually to remedy the condition.

"It must be remembered," he continued, "that even though 99 per cent of the organisms were killed by the exposure, the remaining 1 per cent would immediately begin propragating and cause a recurrence of the original condition. Thus it will be seen that the treatment, to be truly effective, must have an efficiency of 100 per cent."

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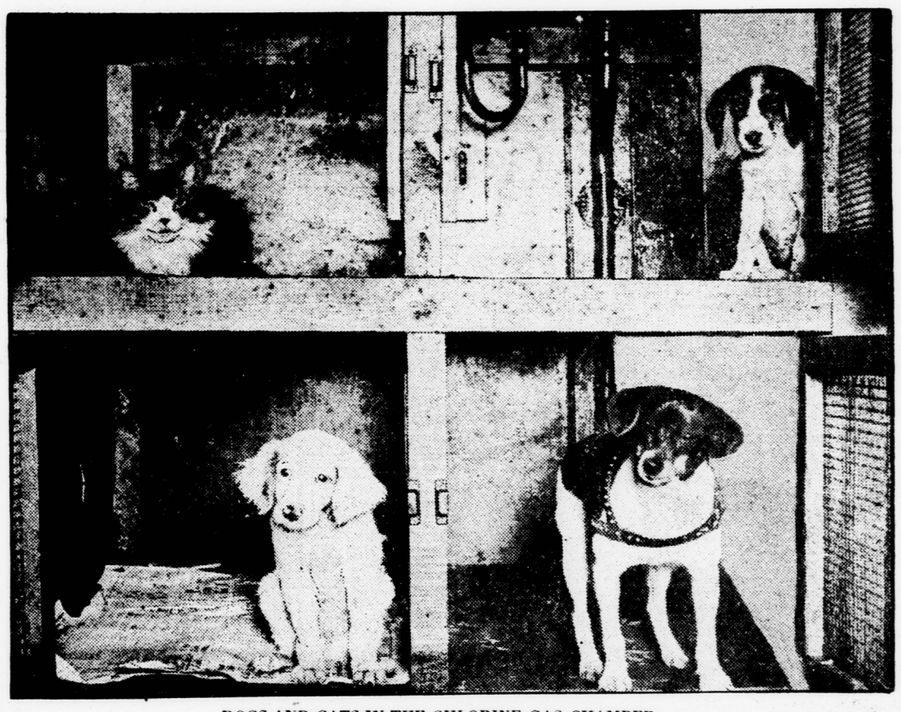
THE efficiency of the treatment for Pup and Puss, as well as President," has been sufficiently demonstrated, but Dr. Locke warns that "The gas treatment is productive of results only in the early stages of respiratory forms of distemper, and is unavailing in cases of the intestinal or chronic form."

In referring to the treatment for use as a preventative measure, Dr. Locke says:

"If an animal has been exposed to distemper, and has not exhibited symptoms, chlorine gas is, in my opinion, the most effective prophylactic we have—far superior to anything, not excluding vaccines."

So if, perchance, you have a little dog in your home, or should meet one on the street, wandering, disconsolate and glum, acquaint him with the facts; make it known to him that the usual order of medical procedure has been reversed; that those among his master's race who stand high in the affairs of a nation have served as subjects for a medical experiment of which he and his kind have proved to be the greatest beneficiaries. If you make him thus conversant with the circumstances he may not comment in so many words, but he will, perhaps, when your back is turned,

"Execute a double-shuffle
And emit a roguish chuckle,
Ruminating how his masters played the 'goat.'
When it comes to a disease
You may use me as you please;
In such affairs I do not have a vote.
But it seems that now and then
I must have the laugh on men,
And, in color, that's a different sort of coat."



DOGS AND CATS IN THE CHLORINE GAS CHAMBER.

World's Highest Bridge.

THE celebrated "Cape to Cairo" railway, which still exists chiefly on paper, has as one of its principal links the Rhodesian Railway, to extend from the South African railway system into the heart of Central Africa. This has been under construction for some years. It touches the great Zambesi River, 1,643 miles from Cape Town, which is crossed by a wonderful steel arch just below the Victoria Falls.

The width of the river above and at the falls is about a mile; but the falls are formed by a great rent or fissure 250 to 400 feet wide and 400 feet deep, which extends entirely across the river bed. Through the downstream face of this pit opens a narrow gorge, which extends in a zigzag course for a length of some 40 miles; beyond this the channel again widens.

The bridge has a main span of 500 feet, composed of steel arch trusses resembling the two Niagara River bridges. There are also two parallel-chord deck truss spans of 87½ feet and 62½ feet, extending from the ends of the main span to the abutments. The bridge is 30 feet wide, sufficient for a double track. The rail level is 420 feet above low water level, or 380 feet above high water, making this the highest bridge in the world.

In the construction of the bridge no false work was possible. It was therefore found necessary to build from each end simultaneously as a cantilever until the work met in the middle. The material was conveyed across the gorge by an electric balanced cableway of 870 feet span.

The electric cableway was also used for carrying over material for the extension of the line 100 miles north from the Victoria Falls to Kalmo, the capital of Northwestern Rhodesia.

A Queer Windmill.

NEAR the town of Eureka, Calif., there is a windmill on the top of a 75-foot redwood stump. Originally there was a dense redwood forest covering the whole region, and the owner of the land saved this tall stump when the largest trees were logged off, in order to lift his windmill high enough to catch the wind over the surrounding treetops. Although all the original forest now has been cleared off, the convenience of the idea has continued its use, which, now that the second growth has become lofty, is again a necessity.

Regular Giant.

"My daddy's taller than yours," boasted Billie.

"He isn't!" retorted Jack, indignantly. "My daddy's so tall he has to stand on a chair to put his collar on."